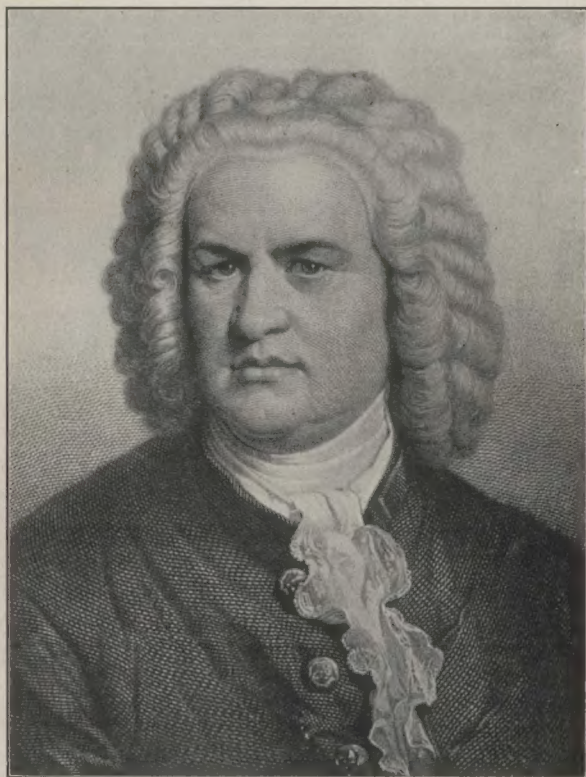


Seventh
Bach Festival



MAY 31—JUNE 1, 1912
BETHLEHEM, PENNSYLVANIA

The Bach Choir

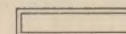
DR. J. FRED WOLLE, CONDUCTOR.

Packer Memorial Church, Lehigh University,
South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY,

MAY 31 and JUNE 1, 1912.

FRIDAY, 4 AND 8 P.M.; SATURDAY, 2 AND 5 P.M.



SOLOISTS:

MRS. MARY HISSEM-DEMOSSE, SOPRANO.

MRS. GERTRUDE STEIN-BAILEY, CONTRALTO.

MR. NICHOLAS DOUTY, TENOR.

MR. FRANK CROXTON, BASS.

MR. T. EDGAR SHIELDS, ORGANIST.

BACH CHOIR.

TROMBONE CHOIR.

ORCHESTRA.

ORGAN.

Friday Afternoon.

It is Enough.



Christian Stand with Sword
in Hand.



Chorales.

It is Enough.

It is enough.
For now with mine eyes have I seen Thy salvation,
Which Thou hast prepared for our consolation.
He is the Redeemer and Saviour;
Thy word I believe,
And trusting Thy promise, my heart is at rest.
Today shouldst Thou call me,
With gladness would I take my departure.

It is enough! My trust is in the Lord,
I know that He is mine, and I would be with Him;
His promise I believe; thus shall I share with Simeon
The joy of everlasting life, and in that hope shall I depart!
For all the sins and errors of my life, dear Lord, forgive me,
Ah! in Thy mercy is my hope; with joy I bid the world farewell.

Slumber on, O weary spirit softly, calmly take thy rest.
World, farewell, no longer here I stay,
Where my soul no peace can find,
Nought but sorrow, pain and anguish compass me about on every side;
Here I must in sadness languish, but I know
On my beloved Saviour's bosom there is rest.

My God! O let me now depart,
My troubles o'er, my journey ended,
In the cool earth let me be laid,
The gentle earth from which I came.
My farewell now is spoken.
World! Good night.

With gladness will I now depart,
My work is done, my journey ended.
Therefore with joy, I will depart.
My glad heart with joy shall sing,
When I cast off the bonds which bind me.

World, farewell! thy joys are dreary!
Let me rise to Heav'n above,
There is rest for all the weary,
Everlasting peace, and love.
World! with thee is storm, and strife!
Vain, and fleeting is our life!
But in Heav'n we shall find rest,
Peace, and joy, with all the blest!

Christian Stand with Sword in Hand.

Christian stand with sword in hand,
Watching, waiting, praying;
Countless foes thy path enclose,
All their might arraying.
Ah, beware! Satan's near,
Many a plot he's weaving
For thy soul's deceiving.

Ah, slumbering watchman, why sleepest thou still?
Unmindful of ill?
If haply the master shall suddenly call thee,
What then shall befall thee
When gloom of uttermost darkness appals thee.

God has ordained that man should stand
To fight with evil, hand to hand.
For love of us, He sent His Son
As Captain in the strife,
From Him to learn the Father's mind,
From Him the way, the truth, the life.
Then, lest we faint or fail,
He sends to every willing breast,
To calm our hearts, to nerve our wills,
The Holy Ghost, a welcome guest.
The foe is near. Come play the man,
Cast off dull sloth, arise!
Put on the panoply of God,
Strong in the strength which faith supplies.

Pleading, draw thou near in prayer,
All thy sins confessing;
Trusting Him, for thou art dear.
Plead the cross of Calvary,
Plead the death that sets thee free,
Life eternal winning.

O hearken to Thy children's crying
And bend to them a list'ning ear.
When Satan threatens, on Thy word relying,
We know our Advocate is near.
He is the Son, the Lord of heaven;
Our strength and stay is He:
To Him be praise and glory given.

So, good Christian, be thou found,
Watching, praying ever,
Sure that neither death nor hell
From God's love can sever.
Watch and pray; dawns that day,
Heaven and earth shall pass away,
Day of wrath and mourning.

With-in our in-most be-ing Thy Name and cross a-lone,
The light of all our see-ing, Pre-vail-ing in-fluence own.

O breathe this com-fort o'er . . us, When low in grief we

lie, That Thou, Lord Je - sus, for . . us Hastgiv'n Thy - self to die.

lie, That Thou, Lord Je - sus, for . . us Hastgiv'n Thy - self to die.

lie, That Thou, Lord Je - sus, for us Hastgiv'n Thy - self to die.

lie, That Thou, Lord Je - sus, for us Hastgiv'n Thy - self to die.

SOPRANO.

Glo-ry now to Thee be giv - en, On earth as
All of pearl each daz-ling por - tal, Where we shall

ALTO.

Glo-ry now to Thee be giv - en, On earth as
All of pearl each daz-ling por - tal, Where we shall

TENOR.

Glo-ry now to Thee be giv - en, On earth as
All of pearl each daz-ling por - tal, Where we shall

BASS.

Glo - ry now to Thee be giv - en, On earth as
All of pearl each daz-ling por - tal, Where we shall

in the high - est hea - ven. With lute and harp in sweetest tone.
join the song im - mor - tal, Of Saints and An - gels round Thy throne.

in the high - est hea - ven. With lute and harp in sweetest tone.
join the song im - mor - tal, Of Saints and An - gels round Thy throne.

in the high - est hea - ven. With lute and harp in sweetest tone.
join the song im - mor - tal, Of Saints and An - gels round Thy throne.

in the high - est hea - ven. With lute and harp in sweetest tone.
join the song im - mor - tal, Of Saints and An - gels round Thy throne.

Be - yond all earth - ly ken Those won - drous joys re - main,

Be - yond all earth - ly ken Those won - drous joys re - main,

Be - yond all earth - ly ken Those won - drous joys re - main,

Be - yond all earth - ly ken Those won - drous joys re - main,

cresc.
That God pre-pares. Our hearts re-joice, i-
cresc.
That God pre-pares. Our hearts re-joice, i-
cresc.
That God pre-pares. Our hearts re-joice, i-
cresc.
That God pre-pares. Our hearts re-joice, i-
cresc.
That God pre-pares. Our hearts re-joice, i-

Friday Evening.

Soul, Array Thyself with Gladness.

- o! - i - o! E - ver in dul - ci ju - bi - lo.
- o! - i - o! E - ver in dul - ci ju - bi - lo.
- o! - i - o! E - ver in dul - ci ju - bi - lo.
- o! - i - o! E - ver in dul - ci ju - bi - lo.
- o! - i - o! E - ver in dul - ci ju - bi - lo.
- o! - i - o! E - ver in dul - ci ju - bi - lo.



Strike, Oh Strike, Long-looked-for
Hour.



Chorales.

Soul, Array Thyself with Gladness.

Soul, array Thyself with gladness,
Leave the gloomy caves of sadness;
Come from doubt and dusk terrestrial,
Gleam with radiant light celestial;
For the Lord, divine and gracious,
Full of gifts both rare and precious,
He, of Love itself the essence,
Bids thee to His sacred presence.

Arise, my soul, thy Saviour comes,
Ah, open wide thy bosom's portal!
What though, in sweet bewilderment,
But half express'd Thy joy immortal,
Thy Saviour will be well content!

How wondrous are the holy gifts of Heaven;
Their like on earth can not be found.
All things the world doth precious hold
Are hollow, vain and worthless;
A child of God seeks heritage more worthy, and
saith:

Ah, what longing fills my spirit,
All Thy promise to inherit!
Now with tears my soul is yearning,
Now with flames of ardour burning;
Thirsts for Thee from morn till even,
Hungers for Thy heav'nly leaven;
Craving only this high pleasure,
Union with its holiest Treasure.

My heart is filled with fear and joy;
It is with fear cast down,
Thinking how high the Godhead's crown,
Pond'ring the myst'ry of His hidden message,
O'ercome with dread, with doubt and anxious
presage.

God's word alone can teach our spirits truly,
How all in Him are nourished duly,
If faith illume their earthly way.
But joy is shed through all our being
At feeling God's most tender sway,
And His great love and mercy seeing.

Sun of life, my spirit's radiance,
 Lord, Who are my All on earth;
 Thou Who seest my heart's devotion,
 Loving Thee with true emotion,
 Wilt not spurn my wav'ring faith.

Lord, let not all Thy loving kindness
 Be lost on human pride and blindness;
 Illumine mind and soul.
 Make me to understand Thy wondrous love,
 To long alone for that which dwells above in
 glory yonder
 And on Thy gracious gifts to ponder.

Lord of Life, I pray Thee hear me:
 Be Thy Presence ever near me;
 Strength and will of God uphold me,
 Mighty wings of Love enfold me.
 Through my life, whate'er betide me,
 Thou, oh God, defend and guide me;
 And, when death itself befall me,
 To Thy heavenly Kingdom call me.



Strike, Oh Strike, Long-looked-for Hour.

Strike, oh strike, long-looked-for hour,
 Break, oh break, thou beauteous day!
 Come, ye angels, unto me,
 Open wide the heavenly portals
 That with Jesus we poor mortals
 Soon at peace and rest shall be.
 With my breaking heart's last power
 For eternal rest I pray.

Auf, mein Herz! des Her-ren Tag hat die Nacht der
 Wake, my heart, the night of dread fades be-fore God's

Furcht ver-trie-ben; Chri-stus, der be-gra-ben lag,
 great day fly-ing, Christ hath ri-sen from the dead

poco rit. *p* *cresc.*

ist im To - de nicht ge - blie - ben. Nun mehr bin ich -
 death's re - lent - less night de - fy - ing. Stilled is now my -

p *cresc.*

ist im To - de nicht ge - blie - ben. Nun mehr bin ich -
 death's re - lent - less night de - fy - ing. Stilled is now my -

p *cresc.*

ist im To - de nicht ge - blie - ben. Nun mehr bin ich -
 death's re - lent - less night de - fy - ing. Stilled is now my -

p *cresc.*

ist im To - de nicht ge - blie - ben. Nun mehr bin ich -
 death's re - lent - less night de - fy - ing. Stilled is now my -

poco rit. *p* *cresc.*

f sempre

recht ge - tröst't: Je - sus hat die Welt er - löst.
 soul's un - rest through Christ's grace the world is blest.

f sempre

recht ge - tröst't: Je - sus hat die Welt er - löst.
 soul's un - rest through Christ's grace the world is blest.

f sempre

recht ge - tröst't: Je - sus hat die Welt er - löst.
 soul's un - rest through Christ's grace the world is blest.

f sempre

recht ge - tröst't: Je - sus hat die Welt er - löst.
 soul's un - rest through Christ's grace the world is blest.

f sempre

O Je - sus Christ, . . . Thou dear - est Lord, Thou Prince of life

O Je - sus Christ, . . . Thou dear - est Lord, Thou Prince of life

O Je - sus Christ, . . . Thou dear - est Lord, Thou Prince of life

O Je - sus Christ, . . . Thou dear - est Lord, Thou Prince of life

and glo - ry, Thou with the Fa - - - ther art a - dored In

and glo - ry, Thou with the Fa - - - ther art a - dored In

and glo - ry, Thou with the Fa - - - ther art a - dored In

and glo - ry, Thou with the Fa - - - ther art a - dored In

heaven, where saints sur - round Thee. How best can I the

heaven, where saints sur - round Thee. How best can I the

heaven, where saints sur - round Thee. How best can I the

heaven, where saints sur - round Thee. How best can I the

vic - t'ry sing Won by Thy might, . . . Thou gra - cious King! What
 vic - t'ry sing Won by Thy might, . . . Thou gra - cious King! What
 vic - t'ry sing Won by Thy might, . . . Thou gra - cious King! What
 vic - t'ry sing Won by Thy might, . . . Thou gra - cious King! What

strains can I be rais - ing, Thy love and pow - er prais - ing!
 strains can I be rais - ing, Thy love and pow - er prais - ing!
 strains can I be rais - ing, Thy love and pow - er prais - ing!
 strains can I be rais - ing, Thy love and pow - er prais - ing!

Draw us to Thee that haste we may,
 The wings of Faith aye plying;
 Help us to turn from earth away,
 The land of bondage flying.
 My God, when may I soar to Thee?
 When joy and peace my portion be?
 When may I stand before Thee?
 When reign with Thee in glory?

CHORALE.

O joy! to know that Thou, my Friend,
 Art Lord, Beginning without end,
 The First and Last, Eternal!
 And Thou at length, O glorious grace!
 Wilt take me to that holy place,
 The home of joys supernal.
 Amen! Amen!
 Come and meet me, quickly greet me;
 Draw me ever
 Nearer to Thyself forever!

SOPRANO.
The Lord my Guide vouchsafes to be, To Him full trust I ren - der; And

ALTO.
The Lord my Guide vouchsafes to be, To Him full trust I ren - der; And

TENOR.
The Lord my Guide vouchsafes to be, To Him full trust I ren - der; And

BASS.
The Lord my Guide vouchsafes to be, To Him full trust I ren - der; And

Grave. 42.

He, my Shepherd, car-ries me To pas-tures fair and ten - der: He leads me on by

He, my Shep-herd car-ries me To pas-tures fair and ten - der: He leads me on by

He, my Shepherd, car-ries me To pas-tures fair and ten - der: He leads me on by

He, my Shep-herd, car-ries me To pas-tures fair and ten - der: He leads me on by

cres. wa - ters still, My soul with comfort He doth fill, My Strength and sure De - fend - er.

cres. wa - ters still, My soul with comfort He doth fill, My Strength and sure De - fend - er.

cres. wa - ters still, My soul with com-fort He doth fill, My Strength and sure De - fend - er.

cres. wa - ters still, My soul with com-fort He doth fill, My Strength and sure De - fend - er.

What - e'er may vex or... grieve thee, To Him com - mit thy ways,
Who friend - less will not leave thee, Whom high - est Heaven o - beys.

By Him the clouds are guid - ed, The winds a - rise and blow; By

Him the path pro - vid - ed, Where - on thy feet may go.

That word shall still in strength a - bide, Yet they no thanks shall

That word shall still in strength a - bide, Yet they no thanks shall

That word shall still in strength a - bide, Yet they no thanks shall

That word shall still in strength a - bide, Yet they no thanks shall

J = 40.

mer - it; For He is e - ver at our side, Both by His gifts and Spi - rit.

mer - it; For He is e - ver at our side, Both by His gifts and Spi - rit.

mer - it; For He is e - ver at our side, Both by His gifts and Spi - rit.

mer - it; For He is e - ver at our side, Both by His gifts and Spi - rit.

And should they take our life, Wealth, name, child and wife, Tho' these were all

And should they take our life, Wealth, name, child and wife, Tho' these were all

And should they take our life, Wealth, name, child and wife, Tho' these were all

And should they take our life, Wealth, name, child and wife, Tho' these were all

gone, Yet will they nought have won; God's king - dom ours re - main - eth.

gone, Yet will they nought have won; God's king - dom ours re - main - eth.

gone, Yet will they nought have won; God's king - dom ours re - main - eth.

gone, Yet will they nought have won; God's king - dom ours re - main - eth.

gone, Yet will they nought have won; God's king - dom ours re - main - eth.

gone, Yet will they nought have won; God's king - dom ours re - main - eth.

gone, Yet will they nought have won; God's king - dom ours re - main - eth.

gone, Yet will they nought have won; God's king - dom ours re - main - eth.

Saturday Afternoon.

Mass in B Minor.



Mass in B Minor.

Kyrie.

Kyrie eleison!	Lord, have mercy upon us!
Christe eleison!	Christ, have mercy upon us!
Kyrie eleison!	Lord, have mercy upon us!

Gloria.

Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax, hominibus bonæ volunta- tis.	Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will towards men.
Laudamus te, benedicimus te, adoramus te, glorificamus te,	We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee, we glorify Thee,
Gratias agimus tibi propter mag- nam gloriam tuam,	We give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory.
Domine Deus, Rex cœlestis, Deus Pater omnipotens! Domine Fi- li unigenite, Jesu Christe altis- sime, Domine Deus, Agnus Dei, Filius Patris,	O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty! O Lord, the only-begotten Son, Jesus Christ the Highest; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father,
Qui tollis peccata mundi, mis- erere nobis, suscipe depreca- tionem nostram.	That takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us, receive our prayer.
Qui sedes ad dextram Patris, miserere nobis.	Thou that sittest at the right hand of the Father, have mercy upon us.
Quoniam tu solus sanctus, tu solus Dominus; tu solus altis- simus, Jesu Christe	For Thou only art holy, Thou only art the Lord; Thou only, O Christ, art most high
Cum Sancto Spiritu in gloria Dei Patris. Amen.	With the Holy Spirit in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

Credo.

Credo in unum Deum

I believe in one God

Patrem omnipotentem, factorem
cœli et terræ, visibilium om-
nium et invisibilium:

The Father Almighty, maker of
heaven and earth, and of all
things visible and invisible:

Et in unum Dominum, Jesum
Christum, Filium Dei unigeni-
tum, et ex Patre natum ante
omnia sæcula, Deum de Deo,
lumen de lumine, Deum verum
de Deo vero, genitum, non fac-
tum, consubstantialem Patri,
per quem omnia facta sunt:
Qui propter nos homines et
propter nostram salutem de-
scendit de cœlis,

And in one Lord, Jesus Christ,
the only-begotten Son of God,
begotten of the Father before
all worlds, God of God, light
of light, very God of very God,
begotten, not made, being of
one substance with the Father,
by whom all things were
made: who for us men and for
our salvation came down from
heaven,

Et incarnatus est de Spiritu
Sancto ex Maria Virgine, et
homo factus est:

And was incarnate by the Holy
Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and
was made man:

Crucifixus etiam pro nobis sub
Pontio Pilato, passus et sepul-
tus est:

And was crucified also for us
under Pontius Pilate, suffered
and was buried:

Et resurrexit tertia die secundum
scripturas, et ascendit in cœ-
lum, sedet ad dextram Dei
Patris, et iterum venturus est
cum gloria judicare vivos et
mortuos; cujus regni non erit
finis.

And the third day He rose again
according to the Scriptures,
and ascended into heaven, and
sitteth on the right hand of
God the Father: and He shall
come again with glory to judge
both the quick and the dead;
whose kingdom shall have no
end.

Et in Spiritum Sanctum, Domi-
num et vivificantem, qui ex
Patre Filioque procedit, qui
cum Patre et Filio simul ad-
oratur et conglorificatur, qui
locutus est per Prophetas. Et
unam sanctam Catholicam et
Apostolicam Ecclesiam.

And I believe in the Holy Ghost,
the Lord and Giver of Life,
who proceedeth from the Fa-
ther and the Son, who with the
Father and the Son together
is worshipped and glorified,
who spake by the Prophets.
And I believe in one holy
Catholic and Apostolic Church.

Confiteor unum baptisma in re-
missionem peccatorum: et ex-
pecto resurrectionem mortuor-
um, et vitam venturi sæculi.
Amen.

I acknowledge one baptism for
the remission of sins, and I
look for the resurrection of the
dead, and the life of the world
to come. Amen.

Sanctus.

Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus, Domi-
nus Deus Sabaoth, pleni sunt
cœli et terra gloria ejus:

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of
hosts, heaven and earth are
full of Thy glory:

Hosanna in excelsis!

Hosanna in the highest!

Benedictus.

Benedictus qui venit in nomine
Domini.

Blessed is He Who cometh in
the name of the Lord.

Agnus Dei.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata
mundi, miserere nobis.

O Lamb of God, that takest
away the sins of the world,
have mercy upon us.

Dona nobis pacem.

Grant us peace.

The Bach Choir.

FIRST SOPRANO.

Miss Isabel Acker.	Miss Lilly Geisinger.	Miss Alice Mitman.
Miss Anabel Barton.	Mrs. William Glunt.	Mrs. C. L. Murphy.
Mrs. H. C. Baughman.	Mrs. L. L. Hess.	Miss Mary Neisser.
Miss P. Dorothy Baum.	Miss Clara E. Hoch.	Miss H. Nonamaker.
Mrs. Elizabeth Boehm.	Miss Helen Huth.	Mrs. D. J. Norton.
Miss Florence E. Boone.	Miss Susie Jacobson.	Miss Esther Riegel.
Miss Culah Boyer.	Miss Ruth Jacoby.	Miss Alice Ritter.
Miss L. A. Brickenstein.	Miss C. E. Jaxheimer.	Miss Florence Schneck.
Miss Grace H. Brown.	Mrs. F. H. Kilpatrick.	Miss E. Schrader.
Mrs. Ed. Buckman.	Mrs. Clara A. Knapp.	Mrs. Lulu Silfies.
Miss Florence Canam.	Miss Mary Knapp.	Miss Evelyn Snyder.
Miss Isabel H. Canam.	Miss A. J. Koch.	Miss Anna Staeger.
Miss Martha Cassell.	Miss Ellen P. Kresge.	Miss Mary S. Taylor.
Miss Helen Chaplin.	Miss Lucille Latta.	Miss Florence Trumbore.
Miss M. P. Detterer.	Miss Gertrude Lennox.	Miss M. N. Van Horn.
Miss Edna E. Dow.	Miss Estella Marsteller.	Miss E. H. E. Weiss.
Miss G. Drumbore.	Miss Anna Martenis.	Miss Rose Wiesenber.
Miss Anna Estes.	Miss Katharine Maynes.	Miss Bertha A. R. Wilt.
Miss Katharine Evans.	Miss Faye Meyers.	Miss Olga M. Young.
Miss C. Fritchman.	Miss M. Milchsack.	Miss M. I. Ziegenfuss.
Miss Allah Geissinger.	Miss Hester V. Mitchell.	

SECOND SOPRANO.

Miss Sadie Ackerman.	Miss Bertha M. Lerch.	Miss Mary J. Steyers.
Miss Caroline Belling.	Miss Lucy Linderman.	Miss Bertha H. Tallon.
Mrs. A. L. Cope.	Mrs. Barry MacNutt.	Miss Florence Tencate.
Miss Lucy DeLong.	Miss Harriet G. Miksch.	Miss Flora C. Uhler.
Miss Ernesta Drinker.	Miss Helen Mitman.	Miss Miriam K. Uhler.
Miss Marcia Estes.	Miss Miriam W. Moyer.	Miss Mary Wehr.
Mrs. Lawrence Heine.	Miss C. Penniman.	Miss Mayme Widman.
Miss Estella Herbst.	Miss Daisy Reichard.	Miss Agnes L. Wolle.
Miss Harriet T. Kitchel.	Miss Edith Ross.	Miss C. H. Wunderling.
Miss M. S. Kitchel.	Miss Sara A. Schwartz.	Miss M. H. Wunderling.
Miss Charlotte Kline.	Mrs. Theo. W. Shields.	

ALTO.

Miss Edith M. Barton.	Mrs. R. R. Hillman.	Miss Mary Pflueger.
Mrs. Frank Beener.	Miss Helena M. Hoch.	Miss Anna E. Reiner.
Mrs. H. F. Bender.	Miss Nellie Jacobs.	Miss Annie Reinhard.
Miss Cora Boyer.	Miss Mabel M. Jacoby.	Mrs. Adele Rice.
Miss Eugenie Brunner.	Miss Jean Johnston.	Mrs. Fred. J. Rice.
Mrs. Albert N. Cleaver.	Miss Grace Jones.	Miss Emma Scholl.
Miss Katharine Desh.	Miss Helen Lennox.	Miss Elizabeth Schwab.
Miss Louise Eggert.	Miss G. Levering.	Miss Gertrude Shields.
Miss Ethel Erwin.	Mrs. C. N. Lochman.	Miss Helen Shields.
Miss Ruth Fluck.	Miss Lucie Lochman.	Mrs. T. Edgar Shields.
Mrs. Walter Forker.	Miss A. Luckenbach.	Mrs. G. H. Sterling.
Mrs. Edward Gray.	Miss E. E. Marsteller.	Miss Ella R. Van Dyke.
Miss Helen Gray.	Miss P. A. Milchsack.	Miss Cora M. Weaver.
Mrs. G. W. Halliwell.	Miss Nellie A. Nolf.	
Miss Marie Hesse.	Miss M. C. Perrin.	

TENOR.

Mr. Russel Barton.	Mr. J. E. Kichline.	Mr. J. C. Rogers.
Mr. H. D. Bean.	Mr. F. H. Kilpatrick.	Mr. William Rohs.
Mr. F. S. Beckhoefer.	Mr. E. L. Laubach.	Mr. Leslie D. Ruth.
Mr. Albert C. Buss.	Mr. E. P. Laubach.	Mr. Ernest T. Sloyer.
Mr. Royden Catanach.	Mr. W. Harold Laury.	Mr. Leonard Walters.
Mr. R. V. K. Eberman.	Mr. Chas. H. McGuire.	Mr. E. H. Wilhelm.
Mr. M. R. Eckensberger.	Dr. Stewart U. Mitman.	Mr. Fred Wilhelm.
Dr. W. S. Franklin.	Mr. F. A. Mosebach.	Mr. W. A. Zimmerman.
Mr. E. E. Hooper.	Mr. Nelson J. Newhard.	

BASS.

Mr. Irving Amrhein.	Mr. L. J. Luckenbach.	Mr. Arnold Schmedle.
Mr. William H. Beidler.	Mr. W. H. Lynn.	Mr. W. A. Schrempel.
Mr. F. P. Birk.	Mr. Barry MacNutt.	Mr. Fred Schupp.
Mr. Alfred V. Bodine.	Mr. E. H. Meglathery.	Mr. S. S. Seyfert.
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Bach Cycle.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL.

How Brightly Shines the Morning Star.

Magnificat.

The Christmas Oratorio.

O Jesus Christ, Light of My Life.

The Lord is a Sun and Shield.

Suite in B Minor.

Motet: Sing Ye to the Lord a

New Made Song.

Second Brandenburg Concerto.

LENTEN FESTIVAL.

Jesus Sleeps, What Hope Remaineth?

The Solemn Moment is Impending.

I With My Cross-Staff Gladly Wander.

Strike, Oh Strike, Long-Looked-For Hour.

There is Nought of Soundness Within My Body.

Passion Music According to St. John.

He Who Relies on God's Compassion.

My Spirit Was in Heaviness.

Motet: Jesu, Priceless Treasure.

Tombeau: Ode of Mourning.

EASTER AND ASCENSION FESTIVAL.

The Heavens Laugh, the Earth Itself Rejoices.

Bide With Us, for Eve is Drawing Onward.

Thou Guide of Israel.

God Goeth Up With Shouting.

Third Brandenburg Concerto.

O Light Everlasting.

Suite in D.

Now Hath Salvation and Strength.

Sleepers, Wake, a Voice is Calling.

A Stronghold Sure.

Mass in B Minor.

FIRST BACH FESTIVAL, March 27, 1900.

Mass in B Minor.

SECOND FESTIVAL, May 23, 24, 25, 1901.

Christmas Oratorio.

St. Matthew Passion Music.

Mass in B Minor.

THIRD FESTIVAL, May 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 1903.

Sleepers, Wake.

Magnificat.

Christmas Oratorio.

Second Brandenburg Concerto.

Strike, Oh Strike, Long-Looked-For Hour.

I With My Cross-Staff Gladly Wander.

St. Matthew Passion Music.

The Heavens Laugh.

God Goeth Up With Shouting.

Mass in B Minor.

THE BACH CYCLE.

Christmas Festival: December 28, 29, 30, 1904.

Lenten Festival: April 12, 13, 14, 1905.

Easter and Ascension Festival: June 1, 2, 3, 1905.

Choral.

Soprano I.
World, fare-well! thy joys are drea-ry! Let me rise to—

Soprano II.
World, fare-well! thy joys are drea-ry! Let me rise to

Alto.
World, fare-well! — thy joys are drea-ry! Let my rise to

Tenore.
World, fare-well! — thy joys are drea-ry! Let my rise to

Basso.
World, fare-well! — thy joys are drea-ry! Let my rise to

Heav'n a-bove, There is rest for all the wea-ry, E-ver-last-ing peace, and

Heav'n a-bove, There is rest for all the wea-ry, E-verlast-ing peace, and

Heav'n a-bove, There is rest for all the wea-ry, E-ver-last-ing peace, and

Heav'n a-bove, There is rest for all the wea-ry, E-ver-last-ing peace, and

Heav'n a-bove, There is rest for all the wea-ry, E-ver-last-ing peace, and

love. World! with thee is storm, and strife! Vain, and fleet-ing is our life!

love. World! with thee is storm, and strife! Vain, and fleet-ing is our life!

love. World! with thee is storm, and strife! Vain, and fleet-ing is our life!

love. World! with thee is storm, and strife! Vain, and fleet-ing is our life!

love. World! with thee is storm, and strife! Vain, and fleet-ing is our life!

But in Heav'n we shall find rest, Peace, and joy, with all the blest!

But in Heav'n we shall find rest, Peace, and joy, with all the blest!

But in Heav'n we shall find rest, Peace, and joy, with all the blest!

But in Heav'n we shall find rest, Peace, and joy, with all the blest!

But in Heav'n we shall find rest, Peace, and joy, with all the blest!

